

HYMNS

WRITTEN

FOR THE SERVICE

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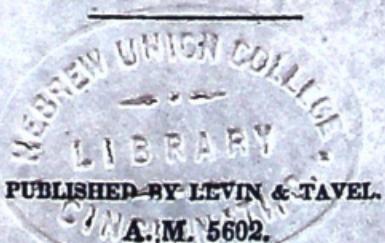
HEBREW CONGREGATION,

BETH ELOHIM,

CHARLESTON, S. C.

אשרה לי בחיה אומרה לאלהי בערִי

I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live; I will sing praise unto my God while I have my being.—*Psalm civ, v. 33.*



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H Y M N S

SUNG AT

THE CONSECRATION OF THE
NEW SYNAGOGUE.

1

1 WHEN Faith too young for a sublimer creed,
 Her simple text from Nature's volume taught,
She 'wakened Melody, whose shell and reed—
 Though rude, upon her spirit gently wrought.
But soon from sylvan altars she took wing,
 And Music followed still the Angel's flight ;
Savage no more, she touched a golden string,
 And sung of God, in Revelation's light !
 Lend, lend our chords ye seraph-pair,
 The soul of Jesse's Son ;
 That we may in harmonious prayer,
 Exalt the Holy One !

2 Girt in his lightning-robe, God gave the Law,
 From trembling Sinai, to his eldest-born ;
Tablets, that time from memory could not draw,
 A talisman in Judah's bosom worn.
 His spirit before thousands past,
 To one alone revealed ;
And 'mid the thunder's awful blast,
 Faith's covenant was sealed.

3 "Him first, him last," him ever let us sing,
 Whose promise yet the hebrew pilgrim cheers ;

Who shall his wandering people once more bring,
 Back to the glory of departed years.
 Bright pillar of our desert path,
 Through shame and scorn adored ;
 Thy mercy triumphs o'er thy wrath,
 Creator, King, and Lord !

4 Lost is the pomp that in the land of palms,
 Thy regal temple on Moriah graced ;
 No wreathing incense *here* thy shrine embalms,
 No cherub plumes are round its altars placed.
 Our censer is the "vital urn"
 Our ark's upborne by zeal ;
 To these Almighty ! wilt thou turn—
 At Israel's appeal.

5 Now, now let joyous hallelujahs ring,
 The *fallen* casts her ashes far away ;
 Behold another Fane from ruin spring,
 In brighter and more beautiful array.
 Enter in brotherly accord,
 God's holy dwelling-place ;
 Chastened in spirit and in word,
 There supplicate his grace.

6 Hear, Oh Supreme ! our humble invocation ;
 Our country, kindred, and the stranger bless !
 Bless too this sanctuary's consecration,
 Its hallowed purpose on our hearts impress.
 Still, still, let choral harmony,
 Ascend before thy throne ;
 While echoing seraphim reply
 The Lord our God is One !

2. REST YE MILD MEN

נַחֲמָה נַחֲמָה

COMFORT YE I. COMFORT YE II.

ISAIAH, CHAP. XL., v. 1.

1 By Babel's streams thy children wept;
 Then mute, oh ! Israel, was thy choir ;
 While as thy weary exiles slept,
 And on the Willow hung thy Lyre,
 A Seraph's voice soft as the dew,
 Fell on their dream with נַחֲמָה (Nahamoo.)

2 No song makes glad that mournful voice ;
 No ease is for that bruised breast ;
 'Till He who led thee to rejoice,
 Sends forth on Zion his behest !
 — Firm as thy faith in Him is true,
 Like Manna falls the נַחֲמָה (Nahamoo.)

3 The stranger hath usurp'd the seat,
 Where crown'd with glory blaz'd thy Fane,
 " The flow'ry brooks, thy hallow'd feet
 Still wash," oh ! Zion, still remain,
 To mark the ruin, and renew
 The mem'ry of the נַחֲמָה (Nahamoo.)

4 Thy mercy shines, a ling'ring beam,
 The Pilgrim on his path to light—
 From Sinai's brow, from Jordan's stream,
 From off'rings of the heart contrite,
 Thy promise all our hopes imbue,
 And blessed is thy נַחֲמָה (Nahamoo.)

1 ISRAEL ! to holy numbers
 Tune thy harp's exalting strain ;
 From their long entranced slumbers,
 Wake to life its soul again.

2 Give to song its ancient glories,
 Let the pealing anthems rise,
 Proudly to rehearse the stories—
 Gem'd with glory from the skies.

3 Gently chaunt fair Miriam's praise,
 Faith sustained her heart sincere,
 'Twas her first enraptured lays,
 Sounding timbrels tuned to prayer.

4 Rejoicing went the welcome song,
 As up to heaven it rose,
 Sweet Spirits would the sound prolong—
 Half wakening from repose.

5 Almighty God ! before this shrine,
 Man his Maker worships free !
 O ! bless it with thy love Divine,
 Fill it with thy charity.

6 God is Eternal—and alone !
 Humbly let us bend the knee,
 While Seraphs guard his sacred throne,
 Linking immortality.

UNITY OF GOD

(ADONI NGOLAM)

- 1 BEFORE the glorious orbs of light,
Had shed one blissful ray,
In awful power, the Lord of might,
Reign'd in eternal day.
- 2 At his creative, holy word,
The voice of nature spoke;
Unnumber'd worlds with one accord,
To living joys awoke.
- 3 Then was proclaim'd the mighty King,
In majesty on high;
Then did the holy creatures sing
— His praises through the sky.
- 4 All merciful in strength he reigns,
Immutable & Supreme !
His hand the universe sustains;
He only can redeem.
- 5 He is the mighty God alone !
His presence fills the world;
He will for ever reign the one,
Eternal, only Lord.
- 6 Almighty, powerful and just !
Thou art my God, my friend,
My rock, my refuge and my trust ;
On thee my hopes depend.

7 O ! be my guardian whilst I sleep,
 For thou didst lend me breath ;
 And when I wake, my spirit keep,
 And save my soul in death.

D. N. C.

NOTE.—This Hymn is sung at the conclusion of the Morning Service.

5

OMNIPOTENCE.

- 1 The Lord of Heaven reigns,
 Eternal and sublime ;
 All limit he disdains,
 Of power, space, or time.
- 2 Though ages take their flight,
 No change in him it makes,
 Whose raiment is the light,
 Whose voice in thunder speaks.
- 3 Stars with his essence fraught,
 In harmony unite,
 To praise the hand that wrought,
 The orbs of day and night.
- 4 As ocean ebbs and flows,
 Swayed by its viewless guide,
 In tempest or repose,
 God still is glorified.
- 5 The elements arise,
 His judgments to fulfil ;

The guilty to chastise,
Who dare oppose his will.

6 What says the restless flood ?
What says the raging flame ?
If rightly understood,
God's vengeance they proclaim.

7 Oh Lord ! let me not fail,
In trials of the soul ;
Let perfect faith prevail,
And pious self-control.

8 Desert not thy frail charge,
But with a father's care,
My heart and mind enlarge,
To bear and to forbear.

P. M.

6

OMNISCIENCE.

1 In God the holy, wise, and just,
From childhood's tender years,
Have I reposed with perfect trust,
My worldly hopes and fears.

2 From every page that time has turned,
Since that bright season fled ;
Some useful lesson have I learned,
Some striking moral read.

3 The prize, Ambition, keenly sought,
A worthless bauble proved ;

The web of gold by Av'rice wrought,
A mighty hand removed.

4 No self-exalting scheme can Man,
Unknown to God project ;
No dark device the sland'rer plan,
Which he will not detect.

5 In vain would evil-doers hope
His scrutiny to fly ;
Nought passes beneath Heaven's cope,
Unnoticed by his eye.

6 Oh ! should my term of life exceed,
Frail man's allotted days ;
In age to mercy would I plead
For strength, my God to praise.

P. M.

7

GENESIS, CHAP. XVI, V. 13.

1 ALMIGHTY GOD ! whose will alone,
Sufficed the world to fabricate ;
Whose comprehensive glance is thrown,
O'er every empire, realm, and state ;
How from thy ever-searching eye,
Can man the *heart's* dominion hide ?
Where passions among virtues lie,
As reptiles among flowers glide.

2 Father of mercies ! aid my soul,
Its failings to eradicate ;

Let truth its every thought control,
 Its every feeling elevate.
 Fearless before thee let me stand,
 Oh Lord ! in conscious rectitude ;
 And feel, when human deeds are scanned,
 That mine with favor shall be viewed.

P. M.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

- 1 How cold that man ! to faith how dead !
 Who having Nature's volume read,
 Finds not from first to last,
 Some truth that to his moral sense,
 Proves an eternal providence,
 A present, future, past !
- 2 Below the brute *that* being ranks,
 Who fails to render grateful thanks,
 When he creation scans ;
 Where mountains lift their heads sublime,
 Gray witnesses from elder time,
 Of wisdom's mighty plans.
- 3 Where forests wave, and oceans flow,
 And light sheds an impartial glow,
 Like that of mercy's rays ;
 Where gentle flowers yield their sweets,
 And every warbling bird repeats,
 Instinctive notes of praise.
- 4 Yet such there are in human kind,
 Whose souls to worldly claims resigned,

With apathy behold ;
 Not only blossoms, hills and streams,
 But heaven with its starry beams,
 Of incorruptive gold.

5 Blind pilgrims these who grope their way,
 Without a guide their steps to sway,
 Until a sudden fall.
 Reminds them, when perhaps too late,
 Of those vicissitudes of fate,
 Which for religion call.

6 Oh ! then will startled conscience seek,
 Peace with an angry God to make,
 And lips will move in prayer ;
 Gracious and long enduring Lord !
 Pardon e'en then wilt thou accord,
 If Man but proves sincere.

P. M.

9

DIVINE PROVIDENCE IN RELATION TO ISRAEL.

1 The sun shines on with glorious light,
 And smiles upon this world of ours ;
 The moon with lustre soft and bright,
 On earth her silver radiance pours.

2 'Tis God who wreathes the brow of night,
 With bands of burning, glitt'ring stars ;
 'Tis God with endless power and might,
 Who moves the morning's golden bars.

3 And he thro' all these works sublime,
 Looks down upon a favor'd race,
 For Israel from creation's time,
 Dwelt 'neath the wing of heavenly grace.

4 Divine the light of holy love,
 Still sheds on Judah's broken band,
 A halo beaming from above,
 And kindled by th' Almighty's hand.

C. M. C.

10

ISAIAH, CHAP. XLIV.

1 FEAR not, fear not oh ! Jeshurun,
 My own, my chosen treasure ;
 Blessings are for thy offspring won,
 Yea, mercies without measure.

2 Like willows by the water-course,
 Ye righteous servants flourish ;
 My spirit, the unfailing source,
 That Jacob's seed shall nourish.

3 Idols of earth usurp my praise ;
 Beware, oh ! cherished nation,
 Lest ye your hearts in homage raise,
 To God's abomination.

4 "I am the first, I am the last ;"
 Wo ! to the bold blasphemer,
 Who shall some monstrous image cast,
 And call it his Redeemer.

5 Beneath the firmament's broad cope,
 Bear witness as ye gather,
 That I *alone* am Israel's hope,
 His Judge, his King, his Father.

P. M.

11

PSALM CXXVII.

1 UNLESS the land where ye abide,
 The care of heaven boasts ;
 Falsely to watchmen ye confide,
 The safety of its coasts.

2 Except the Lord will fortify,
 The fabrics ye erect ;
 Vain are the pillars strong and high,
 Of mortal architect.

3 Whether oh ! Judah ye sojourn
 In deserts, towns, or tents ;
 To God, as to your fortress turn,
 Your tower of defence.

4 On land and sea, enslaved or free,
His name alone extol ;
 Who is, who was, and e'er shall be,
 Guardian and king of all.

P. M.

DIVINE MERCY.

PSALM CXLV.

- 1 I will extol thee oh ! my king,
Thy holiness proclaim ;
And earth with ev'ry voice shall sing,
The glories of thy name.
- 2 Thy tender mercies brightly shine,
Immortal is thy pow'r ;
Thy *love* a beaming ray divine,
That lights each passing hour.
- 3 The mem'ry of thy goodness still,
Shall grateful hearts pervade ;
Thy majesty and glory will
Forever be displayed.
- 4 The eyes of all shall wait on thee,
For perfect are thy ways ;
And pious hearts united be,
Oh ! Maker in thy praise.

C. M. C.

- 1 O'er all this wide and beauteous earth,
One God immortal reigns ;
His glory, truth and unity,
Link'd by eternal chains.

2 Let angels join in holy song,
 Around his heav'ly throne ;
 And mortals with undying hope,
 Look up to him alone.

3 The gratitude of ev'ry heart,
 Its incense bears to thee,
 Oh ! Ruler of the starry sky,
 The earth and boundless sea !

4 Thy mercy shines divinely bright,
 A mild, yet glowing beam,
 And ev'ry soul that worships thee,
 In love wilt thou redeem.

5 Thy blessings fall like morning dews,
 To cheer each troubled breast ;
 Thy presence, o'er the universe
 For ever is confessed.

6 'Tis thou canst calm the angry waves,
 And still the tempest's roar,
 Almighty God ! whose glory gilds
 Eternity's bright shore.

C. M. C.

GENESIS, CHAP. IX, v. 13.

1 WHEN light broke forth at God's command,
 It brightened ocean, air and land ;
 'Twas then that clouds, and shells, and flowers,
 Caught vivid colours from its showers.

2 But soon the earth waxed bold in guilt,
Defiling shrines by virtue built ;
Proud man pursued his evil course,
Unchecked by reason or remorse.

3 No ray of light, creation cheered ;
Skies, black as mortal sin appeared ;
Then burst the deluge o'er the doomed,
And wrath divine, a *world* entombed.

4 Behold ! upon the wings of light,
Tremble the rain-drops large and bright ;
And lo ! the tears of recent storm,
Have taken Mercy's radiant form.

5 The bow, the covenant, the token,
The promise never to be broken,
Expands in beauty o'er the sod,
Where Noah rears a shrine to God.

P. M.

15

1 Oh King of Glory ! when we contemplate,
Thy majesty and our mean estate ;
Thy purity that by the Angels seen,
Makes even *their* bright spirits seem unclean ;
How wondrously benign dost thou appear,
O'er mortals to extend a *father's* care !

2 Oh ! were it not for mercy such as thine,
How could the conscious sinner seek thy shrine ?
How hope for grace, when long arrears of sin,
Recorded stand upon the soul within ?

But thou oh Lord ! with clemency divine,
Wilt not the guilty to despair consign.

3 Who more than Judah can this truth attest ?
To whom hath goodness been more manifest ?
Though from the prophet's harp he proudly turned,
And inspiration's warning music spurned,
Through ages he to heaven's promise clings,
And far from Zion, of salvation sings.

4 Beneath the pressure of a thousand ills,
One hope the heart of every Hebrew thrills ;
That he may yet prove worthy of thy love,
And by repentance, ling'ring wrath remove ;
The frown of Justice, change to mercy's smile,
Blest as an Israelite devoid of guile.

P. M.

16

REVELATION.

1 Let choral songs of gladness flow,
The Lord of hosts to praise ;
Who deigned on darkened minds to throw,
The Law's enlight'ning rays.

2 No plea hath Israel for crime ;
Since God's paternal grace
To him revealed, those truths sublime,
Which time can ne'er efface.

3 Before our eyes then let us set,
Our Father's bond of love ;
With praise repay our filial debt,
To him who reigns above.

4 Let Sinai proudly lift her head,
 Above the hills of earth ;
 For God thereon his glory shed,
 At revelation's birth.

5 Exalt the Lord ! to whom we owe
 The first and latter rain,
 And dews from mercy's fount, that flow
 To bless the thirsty plain.

6 As those refreshing showers tend,
 To fertilize the field ;
 Thy laws, oh God ! our hearts amend,
 And virtue's harvest yield.

P. M.

17

DIVINE LAW.

1 Lord ! when I hear thy holy law,
 Its spirit let me comprehend ;
 And meditate with silent awe,
 On words that to salvation tend.

2 Oh ! far above the finest gold,
 Thy testimonies I esteem ;
 These shall my faltering feet uphold,
 My steps from evil paths redeem.

3 To thee will I my prayers address,
 The free-will offerings of my soul ;
 Guardian through life's dark wilderness,
 Do thou my erring course control.

4 Let me on truth's unblemished pinion,
 Ascend to thee Almighty Sire ;
 And shaking off the world's dominion,
 To immortality aspire !

P. M.

18

RELIGION IN EARLY LIFE.

1 REMEMBER man while thou art young,
 To turn thy heart towards the Lord ;
 Ere sorrow hath thy bosom wrung,
 Or life hath "loosed its silver cord."

2 Spring hath its flowers,—Youth its sweets ;
 Cradled in both the canker lies ;
 And when *one little* season fleets,
 Man's spirit droops, the blossom dies.

3 Ye triflers on the brink of time,
 Scorn not the sage and silver-haired,
 When they forewarn ye in your prime,
 To be for evil days prepared !

4 Strong as ye are, shall ye not fall
 Down to the dust at God's decree ?
 Proud as ye are, shall not the pall
 Mantle your frail mortality ?

5 Praise the Creator, e'er decay,
 Your energies shall paralyze ;
 Or darkness in the latter day,
 Shall hide the heavens from your eyes !

P. M.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION OF ISRAEL'S
YOUTH.

PSALM CXLIV.

- 1 LORD ! what is man, that thou should'st take
Account or knowledge of his ways ;
Like shadows from the summer-lake,
Briefly depart his measured days !
- 2 Yet though but vanity and dust,
Oh ! hear thy worshipper sincere ;
Who now appeals with humble trust,
That thou wilt grant his earnest prayer.
- 3 Throughout the world, may Israel's youth,
Like branches of some goodly tree,
Enlightened by the rays of truth,
Flourish in grace and dignity.
- 4 Dispersed in many climes and zones,
May Judah's sprightly daughters be
Polished; as are the corner-stones,
In palaces of royalty.
- 5 May these above all earthly fame,
The favor of their God esteem ;
And merit that distinguished name,
The chosen race of the Supreme.

DEVOTION.

- 1 Lift, lift the voice of praise on high,
The Lord of life to glorify !
Thy spirit bow in humble prayer,
Remember mortal, God is here !
- 2 Within the sanctuary's walls,
To dust all proud pretension falls ;
The curtain of the soul is drawn,
And worldly vanities are gone.
- 3 Art thou in power's highest place ?
Oh ! turn toward the throne of grace ;
How will thy fancied grandeur fleet,
Before thy Maker's mercy-seat !
- 4 Dost thou of temp'ral treasures boast ?
Faith slumbers not upon her post ;
But asks thee with impressive tone,
How thou repayest heaven's loan ?
- 5 If want, by thee unaided, weeps,
Nor gleanings from thy harvest reaps,
Then art thou poor with all thy gold,
For virtue casts thee from her fold.
- 6 Oh ! may our thoughts, eternal God !
Be suitable to thy abode ;
These disengage from sordid schemes,
And wean from all ambition's dreams.

7 Let holiness alone pervade,
 The soul by thee immortal made ;
 And grant that till its final flight,
 Thy praise may prove its chief delight.

P. M.

21

1 HERE at this temple's holy shrine,
 Let Israel join in sacred prayer ;
 And every thought to him resign,
 Who sheds on us his tender care.
 Then hearts sincere in grateful praise ;
 Shall sanctify the hymns we raise.

2 Oh ! let not pride nor envy dwell,
 Where righteousness alone should reign ;
 For sweet religion's holy spell,
 Shall lead us back to grace again.
 And all be most supremely blest,
 Who bow before his high behest.

3 Pure is the soul which God hath given ;
 Let sin's deep stain defile it not !
 That when life's feeble chords are riven,
 And earthly cares in death forgot,
 To realms of endless bliss it flies,
 Eternal rest beyond the skies.

C. M. C.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

- 1 DESCEND into thyself my soul,
And ask religion's aid,
To search thy chambers, and control
The passions there arrayed.
- 2 E'en from the cradle to the grave,
God heareth frailty's cry ;
Nor can the voice of reason crave,
What mercy will deny.
- 3 Oh ! ever prone is mortal man,
To self-deceit and sin ;
And he who would reform his plan,
Must turn his eye within.
- 4 For often vice with specious art,
Will virtue's tone affect ;
Deceive the sense, deprave the heart,
And riot there unchecked.
- 5 Then firmly watch, and freely probe,
The slightest moral wound ;
And boldly rend deception's robe,
That hides what is unsound.
- 6 Long hast thou taught thy servant, Lord !
That trust and timely prayer,
Will to the Spirit strength afford,
Such discipline to bear.

7 The balm that heals the sinner's hurt,
 Springs from a source divine ;
 Oh God ! regard not my desert,
 But let that balm be mine.

P. M.

23

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

1 WHILE man explores with curious eye,
 The works of nature and of art,
 He passeth *real* wisdom by,
 Nor cares to read the human heart.

2 A stranger to himself alone,
 He walketh forth in worldly guise ;
 Nor would'st thou in his lofty tone,
 A child of frailty recognise.

3 Yet pause, oh ! man in thy career,
 And search the chambers of thy soul ;
 For passions dark and deep are there,
 That spurn at reason's weak control.

4 A thirst for blood, for gold, for fame,
 Pollutes thee, yet thou know'st it not ;
 Because it borrows glory's name,
 And sheds false lustre on thy lot.

5 Seek piety—self-knowledge seek,
 Their guidance ask to virtue's road ;
 On thee will heaven's light then break,
 And thou wilt know and bless thy God.

P. M.

24

PIETY.

- 1 Oh ! turn at meek devotion's call,
From idle dreams of worldly power ;
Which flourishes awhile, to fall
And perish like an earth-born flower.
- 2 Countless are pleasure's bright decoys,
Unwary mortals to ensnare ;
Faith beckons thee from barren joys,
And points to her immortal sphere.
- 3 Would'st thou thy soul to God commend ?
Forsake the scene of heartless mirth ;
Seek those who weep without a friend,
Bring wine and oil to suffering worth.
- 4 Let piety direct thy choice,
In all thy spirit's high concerns ;
Then shall the pilgrim's heart rejoice,
Who in the " vale of tears " sojourns.

P. M.

25

- 1 How long will man in pleasure merged,
Religion's claims neglect ?
How long by worldly interest urged,
Her warning hints reject ?
- 2 Vain prodigal of precious time !
Wore mental gifts bestowed,

To waste in folly or in crime,
Oblivious of thy God?

3 When surfeited with life's repast,
Its sweetness turned to gall,
Thy conscience will be roused at last,
And death thy soul appell.

4 Will worshippers of gold then fly,
Thy dying couch to cheer?
Thy spirit's cravings to supply,
Will mirth desert her sphere?

5 No! Piety forsaken long,
Invoked with earnest zeal,
Will even *then* forget her wrong,
And answer thy appeal.

6 But better, wiser far are all,
Whose youth devoutly past,
On heaven's "great physician," call
With confidence at last.

P. M.

26

1 MAN of the world! wilt thou not pause,
And give thy heart to heaven's cause?
In paths of interest wilt thou plod,
Forgetful of the Lord thy God?

2 Oh! turn away from life's parade,
Before thy soul hath been betrayed,
From virtue's eminence to stoop,
And forfeit its eternal hope.

3 What purer pleasures wouldest thou taste,
Than are by piety embraced?
What higher prize couldst thou obtain,
Than thy creator's love to gain?

4 The wealth and glory of the skies,
Are won by generous sacrifice;
By him who selfish joy foregoes,
To mitigate another's woes;

5 Whose resignation calm and meek,
Will humbly of God's chastening speak;
Whose soul from perjury is free,
And worships but *one* deity.

6 Man of the world! no gift of thine,
Compares with mercy's pledge divine,
Which, pardon to each sinner yields,
Whose spirit true contrition feels.

P. M.

27

OBEDIENCE TO THE WILL OF GOD.

1 THOUGH sorrows may be multiplied,
And cares around thee throng,
In Israel's guardian still confide,
And lift thy voice in song.

2 Wilt thou on gold or glory dote,
Or covet pomp and power?
Bubbles that on life's current float,
To break in one brief hour?

3 Though health and competence be thine,
 And peace thy portion crown;
 Will thy ungrateful spirit pine,
 To reach at high renown?

4 As well might stars rebellious, turn
 From their allotted spheres;
 Ambitious of the solar urn,
 More bright and vast than theirs.

5 Oh! not to *question* but *obey*
 The great creator's word,
 Was intellect's transcendent ray,
 On human dust conferred.

6 *Praise* is the noble privilege,
 On man alone bestowed;
 Redeem immortal soul thy pledge,
 Extol the living God!

P. M.

JOB, CHAP. IX.

1 Oh! how shall man with God contend,
 (Mighty in strength and wise of heart?)
 Or hope to prosper in his end,
 Who blindly plays so bold a part?

2 Frail, finite, mortal! wouldest thou stand
 In judgment with the king of kings,
 Who can the rising sun command,
 To gather up his golden wings;

3 Conceal his light, his course arrest,
 Seal up the stars, the heavens spread ;
 Move mountains from their place of rest,
 And on the waves of ocean tread ?

4 Should I my righteousness rehearse,
 Or boast my constant rectitude,
 What perfect seemed, might prove perverse,
 When by the eye of heaven viewed.

5 As eagles hasten to their prey,
 As ships across the waters sweep ;
 My troubled life shall pass away,
 And none will turn aside to weep.

6 I will not reason or reply,
 But supplicate the judge supreme,
 My soul with hope to fortify,
 That I may bless his holy name.

P. M.

29

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

PSALM XXXVIII.

1 REBUKE me not, nor chasten me
 In thy displeasure, Lord !
 But let a frail transgressor be
 To virtue's path restored.

2 My heart like grass is withered up,
 Sorrow my strength destroys ;
 Sin's bitter drop within my cup,
 Life's sparkling draught alloys.

3 In vain my spirit seeks repose
 From all its worldly cares ;
 Mine adversaries round me close,
 They compass me with snares.

4 My friends and kinsmen stand aloof,
 And mock me from afar ;
 My soul untouched by their reproof,
 Turns to its guiding-star.

5 For with unbroken trust will I,
 In thee, my God, confide ;
 Who deigns the meek to dignify,
 The arrogant to chide.

P. M.

30

HOPE IN GOD.

PSALM CXXI.

1 I LIFT mine eyes unto the hills,
 My help shall come from thence ;
 Thro' all life's sad and varied ills,
 God will his aid dispense.

2 The heavenly king who keepeth thee,
 Shall neither sleep nor slumber ;
 Israel's guardian sheds on me,
 Blessings without number.

3 The burning rays of noon-tide sun,
 Shall smite me not by day ;
 And while the evil path I shun,
 God will protect my way.

4 On every side *He* is my shade,
 And still preserves my soul ;
 His greatness ever is displayed,
 Thro' years that onward roll.

5 From this time and forever more,
 His mercy mildly beams ;
 Lord ! lead me to that heavenly shore,
 Where peace eternal gleams.

C. M. C.

31

1 EARLY and late my God I seek,
 Before him stand and pray ;
 Yet find all human words too weak,
 His wonders to portray.

2 I love to see the morning light,
 Break forth to gladden earth ;
 Like charity that takes delight,
 In cheering humble worth.

3 And when the glorious star of eve,
 Ascends the vault on high,
 The *first* to reach, the *last* to leave
 Its station in the sky ;

4 I think of *Hope*, whose rays serene,
 The dawn of life illume,
 And still in its decline are seen,
 Lingering above the tomb.

5 But brighter, purer, more divine,
 Is truth than either orb ;
 Let this oh God ! forever shine,
 And all my soul absorb.

P. M.

32

SUBMISSION TO THE WILL OF GOD.

1 God Supreme ! to thee I pray,
 Let my lips be taught to say,
 Whether good or ill may flow,
 Hallelujah, be it so !

2 What thy wisdom may dictate,
 Let thy servant vindicate ;
 Though it may my hopes o'erthow,
 Hallelujah, be it so !

3 Friends may falsify my trust,
 Kindred also prove unjust ;
 Wound my heart and chill its glow,
 Hallelujah, be it so !

4 Health and comfort may decline,
 Why at this should I repine ?
 Both to thee my God I owe,
 Hallelujah, be it so !

5 When by disappointment stung,
 Hard it is for human tongue,
 Still to say, though tears may flow,
 Hallelujah, be it so ;

6 Yet from mercy's aid shall spring,
 Strength of spirit still to sing,
 'Mid bereavement, pain and wo,
 Hallelujah, be it so !

P. M.

33

1 OH ! that on morning's dewy wings,
 I from the world might flee away,
 And thus escape the bosom-stings,
 Fate may inflict some future day.

2 And is it virtue's part to shrink
 From aught that heaven may ordain ?
 Shall man, the first and brightest link
 In animated nature's chain,

3 Accept the gifts of grace divine,
 Yet murmur at the mingled ill ?
 Nor patiently his soul resign
 To God's unalterable will ?

4 Mortal ! thy impious wish recall,
 Thy spirit arm with fortitude ;
 Let *guilt alone* thy breast appal,
 Though thorns be in thy pathway strewed.

5 Prostrate thyself before the Lord !
 Ask not from pain or woe to fly ;
 But that he will, that strength accord,
 Which triumphs o'er calamity.

P. M.

1 DRAW nigh, oh Lord, unto my soul,
Compassionate and kind ;
Thou only canst the grief control,
Within its depths confined.

2 How long, how deeply I have mourned,
No human tongue can tell ;
For from a heartless world I turned,
To weep, but *not rebel*.

3 No ! ne'er have I with lip profane,
Presumed to ask my God,
Why I the bitter cup should drain,
Why writhe beneath the rod.

4 The hand of mercy, well I knew,
No burthen would impose,
That man's endurance could subdue,
If faith her aid bestows.

5 Crushed are my hopes, my kindred gone
Before me to the tomb ;
And thou *alone*, most holy one,
Canst dissipate my gloom.

6 The arrow in my bosom lies ;
But stricken hearts have learned,
That oft to "blessings in disguise,"
Misfortunes have been turned.

- 1 I **WEPT** when from my eager grasp,
The hollow toys of fortune fell ;
Nor would *that Holy Book* unclasp,
Where purer, brighter, treasures dwell,
- 2 There came another heavy stroke ;
Those I loved, from earth departed ;
Yet were the words, religion spoke,
Lost upon the broken-hearted.
- 3 I dared *that* providence distrust,
From whom calamities had flowed ;
Forgetting as I bowed to dust,
Whose hand *past* blessings had bestowed.
- 4 But suddenly, as from a dream,
Humbled and self-rebuked I woke ;
My spirit then saw mercy's beam,
And heard the words that wisdom spoke.
- 5 How long wilt thou, oh ! child of clay,
Thy maker's frown in trials see ?
Nor mark his smile in every ray,
That brightens thy prosperity ?
- 6 I wept again ; but blest the rod,
Against whose chastening I had striven ;
And cried aloud, oh Lord my God !
Take back at will, what *thou* hast given.

1 Oh ! thou, in whom the power dwells,
 To heal or wound, to save or slay ;
 Whose hand alone the mandate seals,
 That hastens or arrests decay ;
 Let me with pious fortitude,
 Thy dispensations justify ;
 And in each great vicissitude,
 With perfect faith on thee rely.

2 Oh ! ye who have consigned to dust,
 Some darling object of your care ;
 Fail not in heaven still to trust,
 Whose mercy will thy loss repair ;
 Nor let the bitter cup in vain,
 Be tendered to your trembling lips ;
 For God with beneficial pain,
 Thus of its pride the spirit strips.

3 Mortals presume to call their own,
 Blessings vouchsased by grace divine ;
 Not as a *gift*, but as a *loan*,
 Father ! will I consider mine.
 And when thou willest to recall,
 All that on earth I love the best ;
 Before thy footstool will I fall,
 And bow to thy supreme behest.

4 The messengers of Death, surround
 Alike, the palace and the cot ;
 Nor king, nor vassal can be found,
 Who shall escape the common lot.
 Let mighty conquerors declare,
 If they can with disease contend ;

Nor in their final struggle, share
The pangs, that meaner bosoms rend.

5 Pilgrims, whose aggregate of days,
With vast eternity compared,
But as a fleeting moment weighs,
For the last hour be prepared !
Wrestle with sin, watch, worship, praise
And glorify the Lord your God !
Who shall to life eternal raise,
The saints that sleep beneath the sod.

P. M.

CHARITY.

1 Oh ! thou, whose shrine the sweetest incense bears,
Which human gratitude for God prepares ;
Exalted Charity ! in whom we trace,
Mercy's twin-attribute and sister-grace ;
Thy name we glorify, thy praise prolong,
Whose power changeth mourning into song.

2 'Tis thine, Benevolence ! with soft control,
To draw the arrow from the stricken soul ;
To fly unbidden to thy brother's aid,
And balm the wound by cruel fortune made ;
O'er widowed worth thy shelt'ring wings to spread,
And cheer the drooping children of the dead.

3 Oft by the cypress of the parent's tomb,
The orphan's bud of hope is seen to bloom ;
Thy smile the beam, thy tear the gentle dew,
That brighter make the infant-blossom's hue.

Oh ! not less kind shall mercy prove above,
To those who follow *here*, her law of love.

P. M.

38

JOB, CHAP. XXIX.

- 1 RETURN, oh Lord ! and let me be,
As I have been in seasons past ;
When graciously preserved by thee,
No shadow on my soul was cast.
- 2 When firm and fearless in my youth,
Through darkness oft I walked abroad ;
Wanting no star but perfect truth,
No sun to light me, but my God.
- 3 Where are the troops of flatterers now,
Who once my tabernacle sought ?
No word of comfort they bestow,
Upon a heart with anguish fraught.
- 4 The poor, in me a father hailed,
And freely of my stores partook ;
But since my earthly treasures failed,
E'en *these* my presence cannot brook.
- 5 Proud men and princes held their peace,
When I for justice raised my voice,
And caused the orphan's tear to cease,
The widow's spirit to rejoice.

6 Yea, righteousness hath been my robe,
 And equity my diadem ;
 Yet scorners seek my wounds to probe,
 And my integrity condemn.

7 Oh ! blest be he, who, when bereaved
 Of worldly substance, children, friends,
 Finds balm in former good achieved,
 And with his prayer no murmur blends.

P. M.

39

PROV. CHAP. XIV. v. 11.

1 I saw a palace proud and high,
 A work that vanity had planned ;
 Its towers pointed to the sky,
 Not so its master's heart or hand.

2 There stood an humble mansion near,
 And wisdom was its architect ;
 Pillars of holiness were there,
 While Charity its portals decked.

3 And worldly men as these they past,
 Would linger long before the first ;
 But looked with scorn upon the last,
 As though it were a thing accursed.

4 Behold ! a bolt from heaven falls,
 And blasts the rich man's residence ;
 While from its neighbor's lowly walls,
 Rise songs of praise to providence.

5 Build not thy house on barren sand,
 Wherein no seeds of faith are stored ;
 If thou would'st have the *fabric* stand,
 Oh ! let its founder fear the Lord.

P. M.

40

FILIAL LOVE.

EXODUS, CHAP. XX. V. 13.

- 1 WHEN I remember, oh ! my God,
 The bounties from my birth received,
 Knowledge that from my *parents* flowed,
 Of all thy mercies had achieved ;
- 2 Those guardians how shall I requite,
 Who cherished me thro' childhood's stage ;
 Unless I in thy law delight,
 And shield and honor them in age ;
- 3 Soften with unremitting care,
 Frailties they may through life betray ;
 With love and reverential fear,
 Their least command or wish obey.
- 4 Ye outcasts from the social pale !
 Apostates from the filial creed !
 Let Sinai's warning voice prevail,
 When nature fails her cause to plead !
- 5 Bless ye the authors of your birth !
 Next to your heavenly father's praise,

The highest duty upon earth,
That faith enjoins, or man obeys.

P. M.

41

BROTHERLY LOVE.

- 1 How beautiful it is to see,
Brethren unite harmoniously !
Of kindred sympathies possest,
By the same joys and woes imprest.
- 2 But ah ! how very slight a cause,
Will counteract kind nature's laws ;
And to that dread estrangement lead,
Against which God and Angels plead !
- 3 An unkind word pronounced in haste,
Hath years of tenderness effaced ;
Checked confidence, whose genial flow,
Is sweeter than aught else below.
- 4 In jealousy a poison lurks,
That oft affection's ruin works ;
This first implants suspicion's seeds,
And to fraternal contest leads.
- 5 Ye brothers who would cherish strife,
Oh think of those who gave you life !
By whom ye were together blest,
Watched, prayed for, counselled, and carest;
- 6 What deep reproach to these it bears,
What grief entails on their gray hairs,

When discord on their household band,
Has laid a cold and with'ring hand !

7 Lord of the universe ! we pray,
Thou wilt this evil put away ;
And grant that Israel may be found,
In faith by concord ever crowned,

P. M.

42

MATRIMONIAL LOVE.

1 BLEST is the bond of wedded love,
When they who at its altar bow,
Remember that the God above,
Is witness to their holy vow.

2 When they sweet counsel interchange,
And as each season onward rolls,
Prove that no chance can e'er estrange,
The feeling that unites their souls.

3 To woman in the stormy hour,
Doth not her stronger partner turn ?
And from her spirit gather power,
Peril and pain alike to spurn ?

4 And she, the gentle, tender one,
Whose atmosphere is purity,
Doth she not in *his* love alone,
Confide for her security ?

5 That noble trust oh ! man fulfil,
Which before heaven hath been sworn ;

Cherish thy wife through good and ill,
Her virtues love, her frailties mourn.

6 Blest are the vows of wedded life,
When they from righteous lips proceed ;
When free from wrath, perverseness, strife,
Time hallows that, which God decreed.

P. M.

43

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

PSALM CL.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord ! for it is good,
His mighty acts to magnify ;
And make those mercies understood,
His hand delights to multiply.
Praise ye the Lord !

2 Break forth oh Israell into song,
Let hymns ascend to heaven's vault ;
No sweeter task hath mortal tongue,
Than its creator to exalt.
Praise ye the Lord !

3 The firmament's bright, starry wall,
Shall tremblingly vibrate the sound,
When with the trumpet ye extol,
A God who doth in grace abound.
Praise ye the Lord !

4 Smite ye the harp, the timbrel roll,
And let the organ swell sublime,

In praise of him who formed the soul,
 For bliss beyond the bounds of time !
 Praise ye the Lord !

5 Oh ! holy, holy, holy King !
 Prostrate we bow before thy throne,
 And of salvation's power sing,
 Possest by *thee*, and *thee alone* !
 Praise ye the Lord !

6 Let hallelujah loudly rise !
 Let hallelujah softly fall !
 Until on angel-lips it dies,
 As they unto each other call,
 Praise ye the Lord !

P. M.

44

1 ETERNAL, Almighty, Invisible God !
 We gratefully enter thy sacred abode,
 With rev'rence and love to exalt thy great name,
 And loudly thy manifold mercies proclaim.

2 As kindred surrounding a family shrine,
 We here stand assembled for worship divine ;
 Thy presence, oh Lord ! let us all realize,
 While songs to thy throne shall in harmony rise.

3 Though angels their voices with mortals unite,
 And sing of thy glory from morning to night,
 All praises must short of thy excellence fall,
 Creator, protector and father of all !

4 Oh ! still be the shepherd of Israel's flock,
 Progressive in faith let us steadily walk ;
 Made pure by thy Law, to whose promise and
 threat,
 The seals both of justice and mercy were set,

5 Blest witnesses shall we continue to be,
 That there is no God nor Redeemer but thee !
 Thy truth and thy unity zealous to urge,
 In life, or when brought to eternity's verge !

P. M.

45

1 We bless thee, oh Lord ! as the bountiful source
 Of gifts which the seasons renew in their course.
 For the showers of *Spring*, whose verdure and
 bloom,
 Are redeemed by thy hand from a wintry tomb.

2 In *Summer departed*, the Lord our shield,
 To man all the glory of nature revealed ;
 The light of whose spirit past over the earth,
 Undimmed by the shadows of sickness or dearth.

3 Thy mercy, oh God ! let the living extol,
 When the leaves of the *Autumn* around them fall,
 Who still with the fruits of abundance are crown'd,
 While death for his sickle no harvest hath found.

4 Thou wilt not forsake in the *Winter* of age,
 The righteous who praised thee in life's early
 stage ;

The sacrifice then of thanksgiving ne'er cease,
All ye who are blessed with health, freedom and
peace.

5 A few may yet weep in the fullness of love,
For those whom thy wisdom thought fit to remove.
Grieve not when a child in its purity dies,
From dust as a cherub it soon shall arise.

6 Nor long mourn for those, who maturer in years,
Before us have passed from the valley of tears ;
Though dead to *this* world, in a *brighter abode*,
They dwell with their Father, their Friend, and
their God.

P. M.

46

1 O UNCREATED Holy One !
Lowly we bow before thy throne ;
Seeking salvation from above,
We praise thy name with songs of love.
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Amen.

2 Forgive us, Father, hear our cry !
O let us not in darkness die ;
Remove from us our moral night,
And bless us with a ray of light.
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Amen.

3 O king of kings ! O fount of life !
Turn us from all that leads to strife ;

Beneath the shadow of thy wing,
Let us our hymns of glory sing.

Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Amen,

C. D. L. H.

47

- 1 LET the Lord be ever praised !
Ever loved and glorified ;
Though his mighty hand be raised,
Sons of earth ! to bless or chide.
- 2 Wisdom, Justice, Truth and Grace,
Are his attributes sublime ;
These are seen throughout all space,
These are felt throughout all time.
- 3 Contemplate oh ! mortal man,
Heaven and its starry host ;
Worlds of light, whose perfect plan,
Leaves the soul in wonder lost.
- 4 Turn and view the elements,
In their calmness or their strife ;
Ocean, that appals the sense,
Air, that ministers to life ;
- 5 Earth, that while thou livest, yields
All her fruitful breast contains ;
When thou diest, kindly shields
All of thee that then remains.
- 6 Last, the restless flame behold,
As it towers to the clouds ;

Bursting through its smoky fold,
Like thy spirit from its shrouds.

7 Seest thou not in all of these,
Emanations pure and bright,
From that power, whose decrees
Can alone bring bloom or blight?

8 Seek not then, whate'er thy state,
Whether lofty or obscure,
Mysteries to penetrate,
But be silent and adore.

P. M.

48

MORNING.

1 REFRESH'D by sleep, that sov'reign balm,
Which best can human woes assuage ;
My spirit feels a holy calm,
And pious thoughts my soul engage.

2 That soul which but the previous hour
Had in the world of dreams been lost ;
And perch'd on many a thornless flower,
Which fields of *fancy* only boast,

3 Return'd from its wild pilgrimage ;
Sings first unto the Lord of light—
A heav'ly bird in mortal cage,
Preparing for its final flight.

4 Hear it, oh thou eternal God !
And grant the blessing it may crave ;

Cherish it while on earth's abode,
Receive it when beyond the grave.

5 Too often in this narrow vale,
Its note is saddened by distress ;
But whether joy or grief prevail,
Thy name it shall forever bless.

6 And when it struggles to be free,
What then is its exalted aim ?
To reach that immortality,
Where angel-hosts thy praise proclaim.

P. M.

49

EVENING.

1 The Lord a watchful guardian reigns,
O'er all created souls ;
His hand the universe sustains,
His will its course controls.

2 Conception at its utmost height,
Can never comprehend,
The glory, majesty and might,
That in Omniscience blend.

3 When musing, I at eventide,
The firmament survey,
Whose golden orbs, celestial guide,
Thy wondrous skill display ;

4 In silent adoration lost,
My soul the earth forgets ;

Missing Page 53

Immortality of the Soul

50: Holy and everlasting one (aka Spring by PM), p. 141 in 2nd ed.

51: O! Sad is nature's (aka Winter by PM), p. 141-2 in 2nd ed.

Missing Page 54

52: O! thou possessed (aka
Preparation for Death by PM),
p. 94-5 in 2nd ed.

Missing Page 55

53: God of my fathers! merciful and just (CDLH) p. 43 in 2nd ed.

Missing Page 56

54: When morning paints the eastern sky (CMC), p.44 of the 2nd ed.

Thou canst life's feeble chords destroy,
In death each pulse forever still.

But thou wilt still preserve the *Soul*,
When purified from earthly stain;
And soaring to that heavenly goal,
It seeks immortal life to gain.

C. M. C.

55

SABBATH.

It is the solemn, Sabbath day,
Let praise to God ascend !
In holiness thy soul array,
And worldly thoughts suspend.

- 2 Come forth ye weary sons of care,
Toil-worn and grief-opprest ;
To heaven send a grateful pray'r,
For these calm hours of rest.
- 3 Let not the poorest of ye ask
Of Providence long tried ;
If I forego my daily task,
Whose hand will bread provide ?
- 4 Remember *that* celestial food,
To Israel ordained ;
When mercy *double* portions strewed.
Lest Sabbath be profaned.
- 5 With tenfold gifts will God repay,
The transient loss incurred ;

But tremble ye who disobey,
The mandate of the Lord.

P. M.

56

- 1 He spoke—and thro' the gloom profound,
Ef'fulgent light in glory shone ;
He breathed—and all the earth around,
Into a living world had grown.
- 2 How vast, how *holy* was the love,
That blest us with these gifts divine ;
While angels in the choir above,
Sung praises round his heavenly shrine.
- 3 Nature in primal beauty glow'd,
Her incense too to heaven ascending ;
On every side rich blessings flow'd—
His mercy with his goodness blending.
- 4 Still o'er these works of grandeur rose,
A radiant beam—a heavenly ray—
The holy rest, the calm repose,
That sanctified the Sabbath day.
- 5 In sacred song our voices swelling,
Let hallelujahs peal around,
While seraphs near his starry dwelling,
Shall echo back the grateful sound.

C. M. C.

- 1 Source of Mercy, truth and grace !
Humbly we this Sabbath-day,
In thy holy dwelling-place,
Grateful adoration pay.
- 2 Ere these hours of rest depart,
Call to mind each past misdeed ;
This will purify thy heart,
And extract corruption's seed.
- 3 Self-exaltd dost thou stand,
Whilst thy *neighbour* is decried ?
Listen to the Lord's command,
Love shall supersede thy pride.
- 4 Hast thou dared the *poor* to spurn,
Though with every virtue graced ?
With confusion shalt thou learn,
These are far *above* thee placed.
- 5 Is the guilt of *slander* thine ?
Thou wilt shudder at thy wrong,
When thou hearest wrath divine,
Hath denounced its serpent-tongue.
- 6 Let the *hypocrite* reflect,
That a spirit-searching God,
Will his evil ways detect,
And avenge with penal rod.
- 7 For this pure and noble end,
Was the sabbath set apart ;

May the Lord of life extend,
Peace to each repentant heart !

P. M.

58

(MORNING PRAYER)

- 1 With rapture I behold the light
Of thy returning day ;
Direct, O God, my steps aright,
Nor let me from thee stray.
- 2 On thee alone, my hopes rely,
Thy name be ever blessed ;
Here, in this soul, thy unity
Stands sacredly confess'd.
- 3 O, banish hence, far from my mind,
All evil thoughts away ;
And grant my soul may favor find,
On this, thy holy day.
- 4 And at the altar as I bend,
To supplicate thy care ;
In mercy, Lord ! thy blessing send,
Upon my humble prayer.

G. L.

FESTIVAL HYMNS.

NEW YEAR.

(ROSHE HASHANAH.)

- 1 INTO the tomb of ages past,
Another year hath now been cast ;
Shall time unheeded take his flight,
Nor leave one ray of moral light,
That on man's pilgrimage may shine,
And lead his soul to spheres divine ?
- 2 Ah ! which of us if self-reviewed,
Can boast unfailing rectitude ?
Who can declare his wayward will,
More prone to righteous deeds than ill ;
Or in his retrospect of life,
No traces find of passion's strife ?
- 3 A "still small voice" as time departs,
Bids us inspect our secret hearts ;
Whose hidden depths too oft contain,
Some spot, which, suffered to remain,
Will (slight at first) by sad neglect,
The hue of vice at last reflect.
- 4 With firm resolve your bosoms nerve,
The God of truth alone to serve ;
Speech, thought and act, to regulate,
By what his perfect laws dictate ;
Nor from the sanctuary stray,
By worldly idols lured away.

5 Peace to the house of Israel!
 May joy within it ever dwell!
 May sorrow on the opening year,
 Forgetting its accustomed tear,
 With smiles again fond kindred meet,
 With hopes revived the festal greet!

P. M.

60

1 MORN breaks upon Moriah's height!
 A father and his only son,
 There bow towards the rising light,
 And humbly say, God's will be done!

2 With trembling hand but faithful heart,
 The sire binds his sinless boy;
 Prepared with that sweet pledge to part,
 Which he who lent, would now destroy.

3 On Sarah, most his thoughts were bent,
 When she no more should meet her child;
 But mourn within her lonely tent,
 For him the pure, the undefiled.

4 Yet firmly Abram grasps the blade;
 But ere the fatal stroke descends,
 A beam hath round the victim played,
 An angel o'er the altar bends!

5 Forbear! the test of faith is o'er;
 Unbind the sacrificial cord!
 Yon heav'n provided ram secure,
 To bleed and burn before the Lord.

6 Blow, blow the trump of gladness now !
 God's clemency and love confess !
 Who hath fulfilled his solemn vow,
 In Isaac's seed the earth to bless.

R. M.

61

DAY OF ATONEMENT.

(YOME HAKIPPUREEM.)

1 My heart is bared to thee, oh Lord,
 Rebellious oft against thy laws ;
 My frailties *Justice* must record,
 But oh ! let *Mercy* plead my cause.

2 That angel finds a saving-grace,
 Where sterner truth but guilt descries ;
 Her shrine is still a sheltering place,
 To which the trembling sinner flies.

3 To other Gods I've gone astray,
 Idols of man's own fabrication ;
 Riches and fame that flee away,
 And leave the *soul* in desolation.

4 I've dwelt with unrelenting stress,
 Upon my neighbour's lightest sin ;
 And looked with partial tenderness,
 Upon the deeper taint *within*.

5 Proud, covetous, vindictive, vain,
 Thy contrite servant oft hath been ;

Yet from thy chastening rod refrain,
Oh God ! and let me pardon win.

6 Thus have I rent the flimsy veil,
That hid my heart's deformity ;
Not yet beyond salvation's pale,
If mercy will but plead for me.

P. M.

62

1 ETERNAL love is thine, O God !
O let me not in error stray !
But chasten with a gentle rod,
And lead me back to virtue's way.

2 With penitential tears I weep,
Turn not away, in wrath, thy face ;
Awake my soul from endless sleep,
And purify it by thy grace.

3 Thou who canst heal the broken heart,
Wilt hear the suppliant's prayer ;
Thy truth, thy goodness, O impart,
Almighty take me to thy care !

C. D. L. H.

63

1 LORD of the world ! when I behold
The ling'ring shadows of the night,
Far, far from the horizon rolled,
By the effulgent source of light ;

2 Cheered is my soul, howe'er opprest,
 For *thus* it trusts will mercy's ray,
 Shine on the penitential breast,
 And chase the clouds of sin away.

3 Yet while my eye from nature takes,
 A token that may hope convey,
 A secret dread my spirit shakes,
 Oh God ! upon this fearful day.

4 The mourner's dust should strew my head,
 The shroud my fitting raiment prove ;
 For now my sentence must be read,
 By the Eternal Judge above.

5 Wo, wo, is me ! the vain, the proud,
 The votary of idle mirth ;
 E'en as a bulrush am I bowed,
 By conscious frailty to the earth.

6 Peace, mortal man ! nor in despair,
 Forget there is a mighty hand,
 Which can redemption's standard rear,
 And break corruption's iron band.

7 But oh ! if thou wouldst grace entreat
 Of *him* who rends the yoke of sin ;
 That mercy let thy brother meet,
 Which thou wouldst from thy father win.

8 The wicked thou wilt not forsake,
 Almighty Sovereign and sire !
 But from their hearts defilement shake,
 And love of purity inspire.

9 Shepherd of Israel ! thy rod
 Hath driven us from Zion's fold ;
 Let us through righteousness, oh God !
 The better land of Faith behold.

P. M.

64

TABERNACLES.

(SUCOTE.)

- 1 How desolate thy fields and vales,
 Oh ! Palestine, once fair and free ;
 No reaper-train the harvest hails,
 With hymns to Israel's Deity.
- 2 The torch hath been upon thy sheaf,
 The brand upon thy fruitful vine ;
 And thou art like a withered leaf,
 Hurled to the dust by wrath divine.
- 3 No more upon thy blighted soil,
 The tents of all the tribes arise ;
 Thou art indeed a prey and spoil,
 Thy crown and sceptre Ishmael's prize.
- 4 Dear to the Hebrew's mem'ry still,
 Is Zion, even in her fall ;
 Fain would he tread her holy hill,
 And worship in her sacred wall.
- 5 Afar, we Tabernacles rear,
 And seek a righteous substitute,
 In grateful praise, and godly prayer,
 For offerings of grain and fruit.

6 Myrtles and willows we entwine,
 And palm, and fairer citron bring ;
 Creations of *one* hand divine,
 From which all nature's blessings spring.

7 And as we thus together place,
 Inodorous and fragrant boughs,
 So mingle too the human race,
 Whom God with divers gifts endows.

8 Our habitations we forsake,
 For booths, whose open roofs reveal
That heaven, to whose Lord we make
 Our first address and last appeal.

9 Such change the pious soul prepares,
 For final passage to the grave ;
 Whence it may reach immortal spheres,
 Where saints the palm of glory wave !

10 Oh ! thou whose presence glorified
 Our pilgrim-fathers' desert-tents ;
 Let truth be now our angel-guide,
 And light to Israel dispense !

P. M.

65

1 RUDE are the Tabernacles now,
 Of Israel's scattered band ;
 Still to the East the faithful bow,
 And bless their father-land.
 Oh ! save us, we beseech thee, Lord !
 Through every chance and change adored.

2 Our tents no cloud of glory boast ;
 Our priests no breast-plates wear,
 Whose gems before the wondering host
 The will of God declare.
 Yet save us, we beseech thee, Lord !
 And be thy oracles restored !

3 Oh ! when we think of Palestine,
 Whose consecrated dust,
 Once bore the hallowed ark and shrine,
 Of Judah's only trust ;
 We mourn to mark the stranger there,
 Who only mocks the Hebrew's prayer.

4 Wake ye who in the deadly sleep
 Of self-delusion lie !
 * Arise ! or ye may live to weep,
 The time now passing by.
 Save us, oh everlasting Lord !
 Thy aid against remorse afford !

5 Let us re-open mercy's law,
 And in our bosoms lock,
 Precepts that humble hearts shall draw,
 Towards salvation's rock !
 Praises to heaven's sovereign Lord,
 Who did this treasured gift accord !

FEAST OF DEDICATION.

(HANNUAH.)

- 1 **GREAT** arbiter of human fate !
Whose glory ne'er decays ;
To thee alone we dedicate,
The song and soul of praise.
- 2 **Thy** presence Judah's host inspired,
On danger's post to rush ;
By thee the Maccabee was fired,
Idolatry to crush.
- 3 **Amid** the ruins of their land,
(In Salem's sad decline,)
Stood forth a brave but scanty band,
To battle for their shrine.
- 4 **In** bitterness of soul they wept,
Without the temple-wall ;
For weeds around its courts had crept,
And foes its priests enthrall.
- 5 **Not** long to vain regrets they yield,
But for their cherished fane,
Nerved by true faith they take the field,
And victory obtain.
- 6 **But** whose the power, whose the hand,
Which thus to triumph led,
That slender but heroic band,
From which blasphemers fled ?

7 'Twas thine, oh everlasting king,
 And universal Lord !
 Whose wonder still thy servants sing,
 Whose mercies they record.

8 The priest of God his robe resumed,
 When Israel's warlike guide,
 The sanctuary's lamp relumed,
 Its altar purified.

9 Oh ! thus shall mercy's hand delight
 To cleanse the blemished heart ;
 Rekindle virtue's waning light,
 And peace and truth impart.

P. M.

FEAST OF ESTHER.

(PUREEM.)

1 ALMIGHTY God ! Thy special grace
 In seasons of distress ;
 Hath ever by the Hebrew race,
 Been gratefully confest.

2 When *lots* were cast with evil aim
 Thy people to destroy ;
 From *thee* the great decision came,
 That turned their tears to joy.

3 Earth's mightiest at thy decree,
 E'en to the frailest yield ;
 And Susa's shore, and Egypt's sea,
 Proclaim thee Israel's shield.

4 The mourner at the palace-gate,
 The maiden on the throne,
 Were but the instruments of fate,
 To make God's mercy known.

5 To thee alone the praise belongs,
 Who with a father's hand,
 From Judah's race averts the wrongs,
 By adversaries planned.

6 Let proud, ungodly men elate,
 With triumphs of an hour ;
 Remember heaven can frustrate,
 Each dark device of pow'r.

7 Sov'reign of worlds ! thou wilt extend
 Thy sceptre to the just ;
 The rights of innocence defend,
 And bring its foes to dust.

P. M.

68

PASSOVER.

(PASACH.)

1 God of the earth, the air, the sea,
 Source of Israel's salvation !
 Whose power set our fathers free,
 From Egypt's task and tribulation ;
 Through ages shall their seed proclaim,
 Their glorious redeemer's name.

2 Thy angel in the pillar stood,
 Towering by turns in flame and cloud ;

And bade the *winds* pass o'er the flood,
 To shield the meek and blast the proud.
 The song of Miriam evermore
 Shall echo find from freedom's shore.

3 Here every bosom holds a chord,
 • That to her grateful strain responds ;
 Ascribing glory to the Lord,
 Who can alone break human bonds,
 Praise to the guide of Israel's host,
 Who maketh vain the tyrant's boast.

4 Let every soul be purified,
 From dark *corruption's* fatal *leaven* ;
 Nor in its blind and *stubborn* pride,
 Reject the manna sent from heaven ;
 The pure, sweet seed of revelation,
 By mercy dropt for man's salvation.

P. M.

69

1 **GLORY** to God ! whose outstretched hand,
 Hath smitten Pharaoh's mighty band.
 Let songs through all the tribes resound,
 Ransom for Israel hath been found ;
 A refuge from the scourge and chain,
 A shield from the oppressor's reign.

2 The Red Sea is in triumph past ;
 Praise to the ruler of the blast !
 At whose strong breath the waves rolled b
 And left the deep's foundation dry.
 Behold the pride of Egypt checked,
 Her princes, priests, and warriors wrecked.

3 In vain to helpless gods they plead,
 For succor in the hour of need ;
 No Providence like ours they know,
 To make the flood its prey forego ;
 Rider and steed in terror sink,
 While Judah gains the desert's brink.

4 Sole King of heaven and earth, protect,
 The residue of thy elect !
 Let piety redeem their souls,
 Whom sin in fearful bondage holds !
 Oh Israel ! hear her angel-tonè,
 And bow before one God alone !

P. M.

PENTECOST.

(SHABBUNGOTE.)

1 Let us to prayer ! it is the holy time,
 When Moses stood on Sinai's mount sublime ;
 Communing with that uncreated One,
 Whose glory on his brow reflected shone.

2 Earth reeled in presence of its mighty King,
 From whom eternal truth and knowledge spring ;
 Red lightnings quivered o'er the conscious sod,
 As man revealed the graven laws of God.

3 Oh house of Jacob ! upon "eagle's wings,"
 Triumphant borne through desert wanderings ;
 Ye who have been the Lord's peculiar choice,
 Forever in that covenant rejoice !

4 Oh ! treasure until life itself departs,
 Those precious statutes in your inmost hearts !
 Cause every member of your household band,
 Daily to meditate on each command :

5 Until the spirit of those words divine,
 Sheds on their souls its influence benign !
 Blessing and curse are both before ye set,
 May ye the promise win, and ward the threat !

P. M.

1 We bring not to our holy shrine,
 Gath'ring like those of Palestine ;
 No golden sheaves, or olives green,
 Or clustering grapes may there be seen ;

2 No harvest-song is heard to swell,
 Where Hebrews in their exile dwell ;
 Yet mourn not Israel for this,
 Bring ye the fruits of righteousness !

3 Cultivate virtue's holy ground,
 Where pure philanthropy is found ;
 That human vine that in its folds,
 With loving-clasp its neighbour holds.

4 Let peace its palmy branches spread,
 And charity its balm-drops shed ;
 Meek faith, unto the altar bring,
 And tears for trespass-offering.

5 Fruits of the *spirit* consecrate,
 To God, supremely wise and great ;
 Reapers of grace shall ye then be,
 In fields of immortality.

P. M.

72

COMMEMORATION OF THE DESTRU-
 TION OF JERUSALEM.

(TISHNGABEAB.)

1 Why mourneth Zion's daughter now,
 Her head with ashes strewed ?
 She weeps for Judah's broken vow,
 Her spirit is subdued.

2 Queen of the nations ! thou art left
 Of temple, crown and throne ;
 Thy music hath no echo left,
 But sorrow's plaintive tone.

3 The glory of the earth wert thou,
 Thy beauty is no more ;
 For dust defiles thy royal brow,
 Thy garments stream with gore.

4 Like harts that can no pasture find,
 Thy trembling princes fly ;
 Mute doves to foreign hands consigned,
 Thy captive virgins sigh.

5 The arrow in thy breast is sheathed,
 The net thy feet ensnares ;

The yoke around thy neck is wreathed,
Thy portion is but tears.

6 Can Gilead then no balm bestow,

To heal my people's wound ?

Oh God ! let hope from heaven flow,
And mercy's balm be found.

R. M.

1 Wo unto Zion ! she is spoiled,

Of all that made her proud ;

God's anger hath her beauty foiled,
And covered with a cloud.

2 She spreadeth forth her feeble hands,

But none will comfort yield ;

She hath transgressed the Lord's commands,
Her refuge once and shield.

3 Her elders sit upon the ground,

And troubled silence keep ;

With sackcloth they are girded round,
Her ruined shrine they weep.

4 Mothers to nature's instinct dead,

Upon their infants prey ;

Youth struggles with the hoary head,
'Neath famine's horrid sway.

5 The conqueror thy sabbath mocks

Oh ! Salem in his pride ;

The fox upon thy mountain walks,
Thy foe is magnified.

6 The joy of every heart hath ceased,
 Our song to wailing turned ;
 Lord ! let thy people be released,
 Who long thy wrath have mourned.

7 Wo unto us that we have erred !
 For this our hearts despair ;
 But let compassion now be stirred,
 Turn not from Israel's prayer !

P. M.

74

1 MOURNFULLY chant ! for our choir accords,
 In sadness of soul, with Zion's exiles :
 Plaintive their melodies, pensive their words,
 Tears of repentance now banishing smiles.

2 Who will to Israel comfort impart ?
 Who shall his spirit from sorrow release,
 Bind up the wounds of his penitent heart,
 Bring the glad tidings of pardon and peace ?

3 Thou, thou alone who o'er Egypt's red wave,
 (When the proud tyrant thy people opprest,)
 Rose in thy majesty Judah to save,
 And the redeemed with thy covenant blest !

4 Thou, thou alone, oh ineffable God !
 Hope to the contrite canst ever dispense ;
 Though in the pathway of guilt we have trod,
 Mercy will plead for the soul that repents.

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